time he had seen the House of Commons

been at home and in bed."

subserviency," but which is really the

ing that some, at any rate, would thus

humiliate themselves. "Why," said he, "I met a man the other day who said,

Mr. Burns, what do you think; I was

me,' and the man seemed really elated.

"'Spoke to you? you don't say so. A member of Parliament spoke to you!"

"'Yes; he stooped down from his horse and said—he said—"Good afternoon."'

face-didn't he take his horsewhip to

fore he saw that I was poking fun at

him, for he really felt, as masses of our

workmen do, that such a man, occupy-

ing the position he did, had conferred an honor upon him, and had placed him

under obligations by merely condescend-ing to speak to him."

MEETINGS IN HYDE PARK.

place in London to study English life,

scene on Sunday afternoon is always

the same, yet always varied in its inci-

dents, always fresh, always vibrant

with great issues, always vital with life

and pregnant with suggestiveness. My

custom is to go early and prepare my-

self for the rougher experiences which

lie beyond by taking a chair not far

from Hyde Park corner and watching

the good-looking, well-groomed and

handsomely-dressed people who make

this part of a lounging place between morning church and afternoon lunch-

eon. Then, slowly, I meander toward

the other side of this breathing place of

the great city. I like to look out first

for those who resort to the park to air

their religious views. One clerical-look-

ing gentleman was even thus early

noon?" "The greatest thing of all," he

I find that every one who speaks in the

park announces that he has the most

important subject that could possibly

engage our attention." "Very true,"

he said, "but there couldn't be any-

thing greater than the commandments

From being a lamb at first, we devel-

oped into a dragon. In his judgment

vanced, and soon now we may look for

the end. He could have told me the

time, but I didn't wait, as time was

pressing me to the other side of the

Here is the great battle-ground of all

religions and of no religion; likewise the

ground on which poverty flaunts its

rags, struggling talent its peurilities,

budding oratory many of those rare

flowers of speech which ought to blush

unseen, the unemployed his curses

against capitalism, the infidel his shame-

less conceits, the anarchist his wild the-

peddling of oranges and ginger pop, and

all sorts and conditions of men and

opinions, there are, no doubt, many just

grievances denounced, and many seeds

of wholesome truth given to the sum-

sent last Sunday. It was swelteringly

hot. Coarse-looking men, overcome by

tudes all about, and the crowd, which

fumed and perspired as London crowds

seldom do, seemed to me to be less

good natured than usual; more inclined

to loll and doze than to lock wits in a

forensic display, less tractable under the

time-worn gibes that are flung about,

and altogether just a little more likely

at times to make business for policemen.

But there was no outbreak. All was

in the old vein of remark, and the end

was that peace which always follows a

weariness of the flesh. The czar of

Russia got his weekly drubbing, and I

don't suppose he cared for it a bit. Her

Majesty, also, and the German princes

who fatten on English rates, were

treated to the usual dose of back-hand-

ed compliments, and still they live and

multiply. Socialism had the best rep-

resentation by far-it usually has. Peo-

ple listen and seem impressed, nor can

there be any question that amongst men

and women of the lower orders in Eng-

land, and even amongst the intellectual,

this theory of life is making headway.

There is more of a socialistic propagan-

da in England than in our country. Lon-

don has a great influence on English

life, particularly on English thought, for

England is so small geographically that

what is being thought and agleated at

heat or by drink, lay in uncomely atti-

mer breezes. But the breezes were ab-

ories of revolution, the tidy young me-

particularly working-class life.

Hyde Park is proverbially the best

"'Amazing. Didn't he spit in your

fairs, and the average still does not cost more than \$50. It usually consists of surrounded him, but they only pretend-two barrels, one of which contains a ed to protect him. In reality they gave coil of copper pipe connected with a him up to the mob, and within an hour boiler on top of an oven, like a bake he, with four of his followers, were oven, near by. In the other barrel the hanged. for whisky. They receive a gallon of out the fire. whisky for a bushel of corn. The moonshiner can make three gallons out of every bushel, and he has two gallons of clear profit. This he sells to his fellowmountaineers at \$1 per gallon. So, you revenue agents came in from the field. see, the profits are large. When we dis- This was Colenel Chapman, who has cover a still we chop it in pieces. If we find a wagonload of whisky we break the barrels and let the liquor run out ice of the department for twenty years, upon the ground. We locate the still by means of spies, and the revenue Ten dollars is a great deal of money in was a lieutenant-colonel under Mosby the southern mountains, and sooner or during the late civil war and had five later the moonshiner is bound to have some one inform upon him. The business is very dangerous, however. Now and then the moonshiners fight the revenue officers, and the man who follows them takes his life in his hands. I have been shot at a number of times, but so far have escaped being hit.

"The moonshiners hate the spies worse than they do us. They will kill them if they can discover them. Still, some of our informers continue their work for struck me in the left wrist. My hand years, and they are not discovered. Some follow the business because they wish to wipe it out, rather than for the money. One of the most remarkable informers it felt as though a red-hot iron was I ever knew was a guide named Roper. The moonshiners suspected him. They caught him, carried him to a well and threw him in. This well was fifty-five feet deep, and after he had reached the bottom they began to fire upon him. He was hit twice in the head by their bullets. He remained three days in that well without food, and when we got him out he was almost dead from starvtion and loss of blood. He recovered, however, and is alive to-day.

REDMOND AND SIMMS. have on the records of the Treasury Department, Colonel Colquitt?" I

"I don't know," replied the chief of the revenue agents. "One man who has had claimed to have done a great deal more. He gave this man the story of his adventures, and this was published in the Charleston newspapers. This seemed to set Redmond crazy. He committed the most daring acts after that to get his name in the newspapers. He was finally caught and sent to prison. I do not

know whether he is alive to-day or not. "The average moonshiner," continued Colonel Colquitt, "does not think his ousiness is wrong. He argues that every man has the right to sell what he makes as long as he does not steal or trample upon the rights of others. He has the sympathy of the mountaineers, and to-day our greatest trouble is to get the courts of the South to deal out justice to this class of criminals."

Who was the most curious moonshiner

you ever had to deal with, Colonel Col-

"One of the queerest," replied the chief, "was old Bob Simms, who lived near Bladon Springs, not far from Mo-bile. Simms was a religious fanatic, and he had a large number of followers. His people looked upon him as a kind of a savior and a prophet. They had gath-ered about him, and he had established a colony of his believers. He had a peculiar religion, one of the tenets of which was that all men had equal rights, and that no one could equitably prevent an-other from doing what he pleased. He said that the law of the land was the 'devil's law,' and that no respect ought to be paid to it. It was this devil's law that taxed whisky. The law of God, which he (Simms) laid down, provided that a man could make and sell what he pleased, and Simms said he had a perfect right to make whisky out of his corn, and that God would protect him. He defied the government; he built his still out in plain sight in front of his cabin, and had a wide road running up to it. When we sent a warrant for his arrest he took it from the hands of the deputy who served it, tore it up and spat in the deputy's face. There were a number of men with Simms at this time, and the deputy did not dare to arrest him. We then sent a posse after him. Simms saw that our force was greater than his own, and he was taken. He refused to walk to jail, however. He said we might carry him, but he would not go of his own accord. Upon this he was picked up, put into a cart, and taken to Bladon Springs. This is a sort of summer resort, much frequented by the citizens of Alabama. It has no good jail facilities, and Simms was put into an outhouse and guarded during the day, preparatory to carrying him elsewhere. He was handcuffed. He showed no disposition to be ugly, however, and when dinner time came our revenue agents went into the dining-room of the hotel, leaving Simms in the charge of only one officer. It was dark, the people were eating, when three men rushed into the cottage, shot the officer in charge, killed a doctor who had called in at the time to see Simms, and allowed Simms to escape. The men who did the shooting were Simms's two brothers and his son, Bailly Simms. One of the brothers was shot as he ran away, and the son of the old man was also killed." FROM PROPHET TO DEMON.

"Bob Simms, however, got away," Colonel Colquitt continued. "He took to the woods and lived there for some time. But he soon began to commit such outrages that the people rose up against him and he was lynched. Before his arrest by the government he had modeled his life on the Bible, and he tried to follow out some of its teachings, especially so in one place, where it says: 'If a man strike you on the right cheek you must turn the other to him and let him smite you on that.' His arrest and the death of his son changed his nature. He went in for revenge and vengeance against all who were against him. Everything that was angelic in his nature turned to gall. He became a very demon, and there was nothing too mean and cruel for him to do. The act which capped the climax was the killing of a merchant who in times past had been a friend of his. After his escape Simms's house, with his goods in it, was comhad a bill against him, and, without process of law, he went to Simms's house and took a wagonload of his furniture and carried it off to satisfy this bill. He was told at the time that he was doing a dangerous thing, but he laughed and suggested Simms's religious nature would not permit him to retaliate. He was much mistaken. As soon as the matter was reported to Simms he became enraged. He took a band of his followers, and one dark night surrounded the merchant's house. He then set fire to it, and as the merchant's wife and children ran out to escape the flames he fired upon them and killed them. This created a great sensation.

"A lynching party was organized. They surrounded Sirams and his followers, and he, finally seeing that he was bound to be overpowered, told them that if they would choose twenty-ive men and allow him to choose twenty- "Ce-tainly. They know a bit."

Truly?"

"Ce-tainly. They know that you come so much.

I asked Colonel Colquitt to give me would have a fair trial and be a guard some idea of the moonshine stills of the for him, he would give himself up. This south. He replied: "They are rude af- was agreed to, and Simms threw down

mash is kept. The mash is made of "Simms's defense of himself," Colonel corn meal. It is fermented into a kind Colquitt went on, "was very brave. He of beer. This beer is put into the boil-er, and as it gets warm it rises in vapor into the pipe and flows off into the coil. the lynchers from surrounding him. If Cold water from a mountain stream is this could be burned it would enable kept running through the barrel over them to close in upon him and capture the coil, and as it falls upon it it con- the house. One of the lynchers slipped denses the vapor into liquor. The whis- up and set fire to it. Simms came out ky has to be distilled twice before it is with a water bucket, and, without reready for use. It costs only a few cents | gard for the bullets which were flying a gallon, and it requires no capital to about him, and protected to some extent by his friends in the house, who were bring their corn to the still and trade it firing to keep back the lynchers, he put

HOW A STILL WAS CAPTURED. During my talk with Colonel Colquitt one of the most famous of the special been connected with the detective servand who is now operating in the mountains of Georgia and Alabama. His whole life has been one of fighting. He horses killed under him at that time. He has been battered up a number of times by the moonshiners, but has never been dangerously wounded. At one time he was shot through the wrist, and he showed me to-day the scar which marked the spots where the ball went through. "We were capturing a still." said he, "in the Alabama mountains. Our posse had surrounded the men when one of them fired at me, and the ball bone against a tree. A moment later being run through my wrist, and I knew that I had been shot. The man, after shooting me, ran. I aimed at him with my pistol and sent a ball flying after him. I am a good shot, but in some way or other I missed him.

"The circumstances of capturing that still were rather curious," Colonel Chap- bitterest enemies are to be found in the man went on. "I had three men with ranks of his fellow-workmen. But in you?" when we met a wagon loaded with barrels of whisky. We came upon the man at a turn of the corner, and seized the whisky in the name of the government. We chopped up the barrels and let it run out on the ground. The men who owned it were very angry. We concluded to follow the trail of the wagon and see if we could not find the still. We did so, and about a mile or so away we surprised the men at work. Three of them started to run, and one got behind a a fellow named Redmond, who operated tree and blazed away at me. The men in charge of the wagon also ran. I did not dare to get on my horse and go the men who was with me, and our guide had deserted us on the capturing of the wagon. The result was we dehad killed two men, and he stroyed this still and then went on to

## FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Calm. Oh, sea, whose gleaming ripples run In liquid laughter toward the sun, Have you forgot the storm so soon?
And how through all the awful night
Your billows broke in lines of white,
Till the wide beach with wreck was

All night the roaring wind blew free, All night you sobbed and moaned, oh, sea; With your cold tears the rocks were

Yet sunny waves and wreathing spray Greet tranquilly the new-born day: Oh, happy ocean, to forget! -Z. D. Underhill, in Scribner. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Colliding with the World. Detroit Tribune. "Once," she mused, "I felt as if all the world was against me. Yes. The first time I fell off my wheel, don't you know."

At the Mission School. Pompous Visitor (after protracted ha-

rangue)-Now would any little boy like to ask me some appropriate question? Raggesey (promptly)-Wat t' 'ell? Foiled Again.

New York Recorder. "I hear that Miss Jedbanks-Otwack sailed for Europe some time ago, to wed a member of the British House of Lords." "No; I believe she got left on the peer."

Fliegende Blattei. Uncle (at railway station)-Then, goodby, my dear Karl. If you happen to want any money you can write, you know. Nephew-Here, my dear uncle, is the let-

Prepared.

A Mystery. New York Weekly. Bilkins-Why do you send your wash to those heathen Chinamen? Wilkins-Because they seem to be more conscientious about doing it well than

Good Evidence.

New York Weekly. Mr. Spinks-How long have those two been married? here a week, and I haven't heard either of them slam a door once. The Hustle. Detroit Tribune.

"No," sighed the microbe, "traveling is not what it used to be. The quick, fin de siecle kiss keeps one constantly on the His very air betrayed the shattered

Getting Along Toward It. Washington Star. "You seem to think that you own the earth!" exclaimed the irritable man.
"No," replied the haughty citizen, thoughtfully; "I don't own the earth, but I've got some stock in a street railway

Had a Relapse. New York Weekly.

Doctor-My! my! You seem to have had a relapse. Looks like a severe case of nervous prostration, too. What in the world have you been doing?
Patient (weakly)—Nothing. Nothing at all, except looking over your bill. Cause of Ruin.

Harper's Bazar. Ragged Reuben-It's dis yere imported pauper labor dat's runinin' all our pros-Tattered Timmy-Sure 'nuff! Dese European noblemen are comin' over here and snatchin' the pick of our 'Merican girls!

The Distinction. New York Weekly. Algy-Cholly, I am shocked, don't yeh now. You said "pants." You said the know. You said "pants." gov'nor always weahs black "pants." Why don't you say "trousers?" Cholly-The gov'nor does'nt weah trousers. He weahs pants. Buys 'em weady-

At a Disadvantage. Washington Star. "Willie," said the teacher to the new

woman's son, "you are a nice little boy, but you shouldn't give up so easily. You should be more manly."

"I can't," replied Willie in disconsolation. "Everybody says I don't take after The New Eve.

The serpent smiled affably. "Have an apple?" he insinuated.

Detroit Tribune.

The mother of the race shrugged her "Not this Eve," she rejoined. "S'm'other "This," mused the tempter, with a dazed look and a slight shiver, "must be the woman's version. Ah, yes," An Unappreciated Suitor.

New York Weekly. He-Your-er-father and mother have no ticed that I am-er-calling on you quite frequently, haven't tney? She-They couldn't very well help it. "Are they mad?" "Not a bit."

"Certainly. They know it isn't my fault

THE ENGLISH TOILERS

OBSERVATIONS HERE AND THERE actually been established in that time than General Booth. He serves as a AMONG BRITISH WORKMEN.

Political Record-Labor Meetings In London's Great Parks.

Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

LONDON, July 13 .- The needs, aspirations and idiosyncracies of working class life in England have been strikingly in evidence of late, owing to the strong light thrown upon the situation by this great contest at the polls. The result of this great battle the reader will know; but he will know better how it was brought about, what causes were at the bottom of it, and what it may presage for the future, when this series of letters shall be finished. To make English affairs clear to the average American, to bring to the minds of my fellow-citizens a realizing sense of what working class conditions are in a land which has at once much to teach other lands and a great deal to learn from others-this is my purpose; and for the present I can think of no better way to seek its furtherance than by asking the reader to accompany me, with eyes alert and ears open, in a little tour of observation. Our objective points shall be a working class constituency, visited while the canvass was at its height, Hyde Park, the great workingman's was hanging at my side, and I thought forum, viewed in all its Sunday after-at first that I had knocked my crazy noon glories; then, a brief railroad ride noon glories; then, a brief railroad ride to a lovely English village, with notes en route and an interesting object lesson at the end.

To Americans the most familiar of

English labor men is John Burns. He

has visited us and hasn't entirely

pleased us. Well, he doesn't entirely suit the English people, and many of his me, and we were riding along the road, our view he stands up in the moil and ferment of political agitation in Engstrong claim to the respect of intelligent Englishmen, and that which brings that his advanced views are held in consonance with moderate methods. Great and far-reaching are his schemes of reform, but not being able to reach these at a single leap, he is content to approach them steadily, step by step, taking a little where he cannot get all, giving his support, meanwhile, to that party which, in its composition and by its achievements, is most likely to favor advanced measures. John Burns today is a striking instance of a reckless agitator sobered and steadled by responsibility. He hasn't changed his views, but three years in Parliament have greatly modified the heat and haste in which those views were first formed, as they have likewise taught him that in England, of all countries, one who wishes anything brought to pass must know just as well how to wait as how to work. John Burns always reminds me of John Bright. He is a different man socially, and vastly inferior in culture and moving eloquence. The times, too, are different from those which started Bright on his great career. But the great commoner of to-day is no great agitator of forty years ago, and Burns is, in my judgment, just as likely as the other to settle down finally into a respectable sort of Moderate Liberal. Bright began by denouncing royalty the end he could have had a peerage. Chamberlain fell heir to Bright's Birmingham influence by going Bright one better in all his great schemes of reform. A dozen years ago Chamberlain was regarded by the aristocracy as the most dangerous man in England. To-day he is in line for an earldom. So are there many who are saying that John Burns will land finally in the House of Lords. But the other evening when I saw him he was addressing his constituents in Battersca. BURNS AT BATTERSEA.

> The Battersea style is open-air meetings. This is a great country for that sort of thing. The Englishman is person of few fears. He isn't afroid of pneumonia. He will stand for only a pipe for warmth, and just as triness of the atmosphere, while the thin blooded American by his side will be shivering for an ulster. That's how it was at Battersea when John Burns stood on a platform in the long English twilight and addressed his constituents from 8 o'clock to 9:30 on the issues of the day. Chiefly, however, I must say, upon John Burns, for he uses his own name very frequently. "John Burns has been your servant for three years, and he expects to be re-elected." "John Burns never made a penny during those for his work in the House of Commons." "John Burns pays ten shillings a week (\$2.50) for five rooms." "John Burns has worked on your streets, and been taken to your gaol, and you have elected him. and will re-elect him, to the highest place in your gift." "John Burns's record of work for three years knocks the bottom out of any twenty years' work by any middle class member of Parliament." Thus he went on, emphasizing his own claims and using his own name, while ail the time he shamefully misused the letter "h," and excepting for the reflection that he is a man of the people, with no school training, who has always thought common, straightforward thoughts, and never spoken save in the common vernacular, these feaaures of his address would have been aggravating and quite unpardonable. But his hearers thought, no doubt, that if such talk was good enough for the sacred precincts of Westminster, where Burns often speaks and is always heard with respect, it was good enough for Battersea; and so did I. In fact, his address that night, in every quality save refinement, was as good as the average which you hear in this country even from great statesmen. He had voted, he said, in 500 parliamentary divisions, and had gone against Lord Rosebery's government only seventy times. The reason he had so frequently supported the Liberals was, he said, because they had so frequently

> been on the side of the workingmen. This is strong testimony from a trustworthy source. Imagine its influence on the election had the working classes in general accepted it! "It was not a question whether in three years he had brought in a workingman's millennium, but whether his votes and speeches had been for working class improvement." Here was sense, and a further instance of the sobering influence of place and power. He knew, too, when he said it. that most of the working class agitators were hoodwinking the poor laborers by prospects and promises which are wholly impracticable. Then he pricked another bubble, and my admiration for him rose by great leaps. He had striven for remedial legislation, he said, but there was no effectual remedy for men who were lazy and shiftless. They need never expect, under any government, to be supported without work, or to get a fair day's wages for less than a fair day of labor. He had kept in view, he declared, not merely the good of one class, but of all classes; had labored. and if they re-elected him, should continue laboring both for the workingman and for society in general. Exceedingly wholesome and timely was such teaching as this. It undoubtedly indicates the true line of working class develop ment, though there is, unfortunately,

in harmony with it.

Regarding the real progress of

a couple of young fellows, very unkempt but quite making up in conceit what much agitation in England which is not they lack in other respects, who are adthree years, it had surprised him, he chastisement to "Bill Booth," as they said, that within the first half of that call him. If this were an exceptional

CRITICISM OF BOOTH.

noon in Hyde Park.

declare for an eight-hour day for min- But they always do it-these or others ers, also for a ten-hour day for London of their kind. No man in England is tram-men, and the eight-hour limit had more heartily cursed by certain classes for 40,000 workers in the government ar-senals and dockyards. The poor law Park disputants. They set him up, kick had also been spared the disgrace of him down, and consign his hypocritical poorhouse clothing, and were occasion-ally regaled with such delicacies as to-of a better cause. The English workbacco, snuff and strawberries. This was laughed at by the crowd, who evidently mer, especially if he is out of a job, and could not swallow the whole story. I has lost his chances by bad habits. He think they resented the strawberries. has, in that case, a mean spirit, and a In fact, they often laughed at Mr. very dirty tongue, joined to a brute Burns; generally, too, in sympathy with courage which makes him equal to alhis pungent thrusts at enthroned wrong. most anything. Any man in England As, for instance, when he showed the who raises the banner of decency, and necessity for home rule by declaring tries to help the poor, is predestined to that often days of Parliament were oc-cupied by discussing trivial affairs in man, and his kind, unfortunately, as Ireland, while only minutes could be given to the estimates. He had seen millions voted with only eight people in the House. "Six of those were asleep and one was speaking, and it would have been better both for the man himself and the country if the speaker had | by-word and hissing by means of a formal demonstration, gotten up by a troup "The House of Lords," said Mr. Burns, of trades unionists. With banners fly-"is not made up of noodles and fools. ing and drums beating they have They are too clever by half. Else how marched for miles, their leading banner could they continue to fool forty millions | proclaiming that they "protest against

of people?" This prepared the way for a thrust at a certain English weakness which the speaker called "hereditary Sweating is alleged in General Booth's Sweating is alleged in General Booth's subserviency," but which is really the printing office. The printers' laborers worship of title and place, and which constantly, when it comes to voting, union rate of wages. So they say, and makes the British workman his own the orators, men and women, ring the worst enemy. "If members of the Stock | changes on this crime, and the hypocri-Exchange came to ask your suffrages | sy it shows, for several hours, raking he wouldn't have to vindicate himself from stem to stern in their wrath not from paltry charges as I do. He only the Salvation Army, but churches wouldn't have to tell the rent he pays and religious organizations in general. nor how he gets the money to pay it. As it happens, however, while the His long-tailed coat would awaken rev- speakers fume and spout, a circular erence and his top hat would be an ob- finds its way into the crowd, stating ject of worship with you." Cries of dis- that the London Trades Council, the sent arising, Mr. Burns modified by say- highest labor authority in London, having investigated the charge, finds that there is no ground for it, and so certifles through its secretary. Thus, the meeting is a waste of powder, to say out walking yesterday and Mr. So and nothing of sweat, or of money it cost So, a member of Parliament, spoke to those misguided toilers to hire four bands and to pay a dollar each to about twenty perspiring standard bearers. What it shows is that labor sometimes overreaches itself, and it is also a sad symptom of the growing antipathy of English workmen to the church and religion. General Booth is always desirable game because he is a loud and not "Thus I quizzed the poor fellow," said always discreet representative of ag-

To get away from Hyde Park let us take train, as the writer did the day following, for Knebworth. Lord Salisbury travels this way when he goes home after a hard day's work. So do lots of their lordships, for if you kept your seat long enough you'd be whirled through a part of England so thickly peopled with greatness that the palatial residences and large estates in it are commonly spoken of as "The Dookeries." How many dukes are on the train to-day I neither know nor care, but the occupant of the same compartment with myself volunteers the remark that he

saw ex-Speaker Peel get aboard.
"Well," I observed, "I presume he had
money enough to buy a ticket." "Ah, rather likely; pension of four thousand a year (\$20,000), and he wasn't Speaker more than about twenty years I'm opposed to that," he continued, as I supposed he would, for my remark was intended to draw him out-"I'm a Conservative, but I'm opposed to these blooming pensions to rich men. 'Cause, who has to pay them?" And by an inclination of the thumb of his right hand towards his own stomach, which he might perhaps be excused for regarding as the part most feelingly affected, he gave me plainly to understand that some of the paying had necessarily to opening the box of curios. "Well," I be done by his own humble self. When old England shall come fully

said, "what are we to have this afterunder the advanced sway of the United replied. "And what, pray, is that, for States, these abuses will no doubt be corrected. And isn't that time surely

At a station outside London a third man entered our compartment. Here were three of us. One had spent seven years in the States, another had been of God, could there?". This I couldn't deny, but it transpired that his specialthere a shorter period, and the otherwell, that was me, and I was going to ty was the fourth Commandment, and Knebworth, and at Knebworth I had that this had reference to Saturday, not | the pleasure of taking tea in the grand Sunday. He also expounded the prohouse where Bulwer Lytton wrote his phecies, and in a brief conversation he famous novels, and where at different told me more about the United States times Queen Elizabeth and the Prince of than I ever knew. He seemed to find all | Wales had been dined and slept. It is the great nations in the Bible, and to still in the Lytton family, and the Lytbe able to sort them out without uncer- ton family are descended, anciently, tainty or hesitation. Our nation, he from royalty, but it is rented now, and said, was the last. Not only the last | hospitably occupied by one of our Amerthat has been but the last that ever ican millionaires. Thus we seem to be will be. He found it in the 13th Revegetting possession of this country little lations. We are the two-horned beast. by little, and who knows but that the American dragon and the British lion may yet lie down together, with the lion inside? this horrible development has far ad-

HENRY TUCKLEY. THE CHAUTAUQUA IDEA.

Aims and Influence of This Peculiar

System of Education. Prof. Albert S. Cook, in the Forum. But what is the Chautauqua idea? As nearly as I can formulate it, it is something like this: A fraternal, enthusiastic methodical and sustained attempt to ele vate, enrich and inspire the individual life in its entirety, by an appeal to the curi-osity, hopefulness and ambition of those who would otherwise be debarred from the three years by writing, speaking or in any way outside of what you pay him confusion and blasphemy, and blatant lifting and stimulating forces, whether secular or religious, are made to conspire in their impact upon the person whose weal is sought. He is made to feel that his self-improvement will be reflected in the greater refinement and cheer of his home. and thus the striving after a larger and sweeter life is entwined with his domestic affections. He is exhorted to meet with others in local circles; to give them the benefits of his counsels and superior knowledge if he is further advanced than they, and to obtain impulse and direction from them if he is as yet but a novice. In this way his social instincts are appealed to an cultivated, and the result is the infusion of a greater charm into neighbor-hood life. These circles are frequently connected with one or several churches and thus religion is introduced to hallow and reinforce an aspiration to which i may at first have seemed allen. He is led to expect and demand assistance in his intellectual endeavors from experts at a distance, and thus has his sense of human fellowship quickened, his reverence for learning and benevolence increased, and his feeling for national unity deepened. Every year he has the opportunity, at Chautauqua, of meeting the leaders to whom he owes so much; to appreciate more keenly the reality of their personal nterest in him; to resolve his doubts and difficulties by the asking of questions; to listen to lectures by men eminent in every walk of life; to enter classes in subjects which he is qualified to pursue, and to have his heart warmed by personal contact with a host of those who are almine at a higher life in the face of similar dis couragements, but with equal aids, with common purpose, and therefore with fraternal sympathy. Can we wonder that Chautauqua is a sacred and blessed name to multitudes of Americans!

A BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

this center propels itself with little ef-Unique and Beautiful Celebration a fort to the remotest extremities. With the other denunciations which on Sun-Santa Barbara, Cal. day afternoon waken the echoes in Hyde Rounsevelle Wildman, in July Overland. Park, one hears, happily, an occasional I had been told in detail what to expect, denunciation of Old Nick, and the vices yet I was taken wholly by surprise. The enthusiasm of the place got possession of and sins which curse this modern Babylon, and these, again, are seasoned by me long before it was time to begin the 'Bataille des Fleurs," and I emptied not a little of the modern gospel of love, my bushels of flowers on the heads of the and by the pious aspirations and prayers eassing carriages, horsemen, bicycles and of people as good and brave as any to Within half an hour from the time be found on earth. "What a wonderful when the grand marshal, in a coat of city London would be," exclaimed one golden buttercups, hat of "baby-eyes" and trousers of violets, rode gayly by, men and devout soul with a jeering crowd about him, "if the people were all Christians. orses were knee-deep in roses that in the East would have been worth a king's ran-Why, it would be a heaven in itselfsom. The air was full of flying Papa so much so that we wouldn't want any Gontiers, Jacqueminot and great American other heaven." No one could doubt Beauties, as a carriage passed that was this, not, at any rate, the first part of lost beneath its load of great Duchesse it; and though it didn't seem to be very roses. Not a bit of leather or wood was impressive, it wasn't at all to my thinkeft uncovered, only the sweet face and brilliant dark eyes of its occupant refused ing an inappropriate idea with which to he pink livery of the "Duchesse," season and modify the jargon and beddriver, standing erect, was a handsome lam which are let loose on Sunday after-Mexican, dressed like his lady in pink silk, His charming Spanish costume and hat were decorated with pearls. He drove four The center of interest in one group are coal black stallions, whose harness and reins were covered with pink silk. Two they lack in other respects, who are administering the customary Hyde Park chastisement to "Bill Booth," as they call him. If this were an exceptional is an exception in a exceptional is an exception in a exception in a exception in a exception is an exception in a exception in a exception in a exception is an exception in a exception

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trimmed with scarlet carnations and gertrimmed with scarlet carnations and geraniums. They were dressed in red with big green hats. Another was covered with gray moss and wild lupin, another with wild mustard, another with marigolds, and a sixth with sweet peas—pampas plumes, brodiaea, La Marque roses with costume and harness to match—and so on until all the flowers and all the pretty girls in Santa Barbara were exhausted. Then there were floats—a Venetian gon-dola, covered with seventy-five thousand white roses and eighteen thousand stems

of lupin, each bearing from fifty to seven-ty-five blossoms, and ten thousand bunches of wisteria. Blue flowers were the canal on which the boat floated. Two gondoliers plied their oars, while sweet strains from the guitar and mandolin in the hands of the guitar and mandolin in the hands of the gay party within the boat greeted tribunes and onlooker. Another bore the Queen of Flowers on a flowery throne and protected by four swans made of daisies, driven by little chubby two-year olds. And so they passed beneath us one after the other, "Queen rose of the rosebed garden of girls," each more beautiful than its predecessor, until the eyes were incapable of judging and the senses overpowered by of judging and the senses overpowered by the scent of the flowers. Back they came and the battle began anew. The fair riders in carriage and on horseback fought valiantly; they gave nose for rose, lily for lily; but we were too many for them, and before the day was over they were buried in flowers and kissed their hands to us in acknowledgment of their defeat. Then how we cheered and filled the air again with priceless flowers. A Roman charlot decked marguerites drawn by three white horses abreast, in white harness, with two stalwart Nubians running at their heads, dashed by the tribunes. The fair char-ioteer and her fan bearer dodged right and left amid the lovely carnage. A bevy of girls from the seats above emptied their last basket of La Marques down upon the plunging steeds and the Flower Festival

FALLING SCIENTIFICALLY.

Circus Accidents Often Avoided By Skill and Knowledge. Philadelphia Inquirer. There is never a moment when a rider in the circus ring is entirely free from danger. Of course the various feats become easy enough of accomplishment after long practice, but the performers can never be sure at what moment their skill and experi-ence will be set at naught through some failure of the horse to do what is expected of him. Suppose the horse shies while the rider is standing on his back preparing for a spring. The chances are ten to one that a fall will result, and yet there is no sure way of knowing when a horse is about to shy. The most trifling thing may cause him to do so. A sudden crash of music, the fall of a programme thrown carelessly into the ring, a ray of sunshine striking him unexpectedly in the eyes, the reaking of a pulley, any one of a hundred things; swerving a few inches to the right or left, a sudden dart forward, will be more than sufficient to upset the delicately poised equlibrium. Therefore, the act of falling is one of the most important, and it is also one of the most difficult of mastery among the circus rider's accomplishments. It is always easy to recognize a veteran circus rider in the way he falls. As soon as he sees that the situation is hopeless, that he must go down, his hands shoot for his knees like a flash and he hugs himself up automatically into a round ball, with nothing exposed that can break unless possibly it be a rib or two in some very exceptional case. Usually striking in this way, with the muscles all tense and the body folded up tight and hard, the rider escapes with a few bruises and a general shaking up.
"I remember the worst fall I ever had as distinctly as if it were last week, although really it was several years ago," remarked a circus rider to me recently. "It seems queer, but it happened when I was sitting

astride my horse, walking around the ring quietly after doing an act. All of a sudden something made the horse shy, and be-fore I knew it I was gone-lifted up in the air and turning over, half from suppose, in a back somerset. I heard the ring master yell at me and realized that unless I could get round in the turn so as to clear my head I would break my neck in striking. Between that and my reaching the ground was only the small part of a econd, but it seemed as if I had oceans of ime to argue out the whole situation. I decided now I had better roll to get away, planned just how I would strike the ground with my shoulders, if I managed to save outriders in the holiday attire of the Mex- | mx head and then I dug my chin down into can vaquero guided with silk ribbons the my breast body and muscle on that turn,

hadn't got up some fine speed on that turn there would have been another dead circus "Do you mean that a circus rider can make himself turn faster or slower after he is in the air?" I asked.

"Certainly I do; that is the most import-ant part of somersault work. You see, no matter how good a man is, he can never leave his horse for a turn with exactly the right amount of spring. Sometimes he will right amount of spring. Sometimes he will throw himself a little too hard, and other times not hard enough, it depends partly on the way the horse is going. Well, when he finds himself in the air, say half way around on the turn, he feels—that is, all good circus riders do—by a kind of instinct whether he is turning too fast or not fast enough so as to land right on the horse. enough so as to land right on the horse. Besides that, he can see most of the way round just where the horse is and by practice tell whether anything is wrong. Now suppose he wants to slacken his speed a little, he simply lifts his head straight up, or even a little back, and that arts like putting on a brake. Then, if he sees he is too slow, all he has to do is to bend his head down on his chest in the way I was telling you of, like a bicycle going down hill."

MARVELOUS LAKES.

Phenomenally Deep and Wondrous Waters in British Columbia. Little Shuswap lake is stated to have a flat bottom, with a depth varying from fif-ty-eight to seventy-four feet, measured from the mean high-water mark. The deepest water found in the Great Shunswar was 565 feet, about six miles northward from Cinnemonson narrows, in Seymous Adams lake, however, exceeds either of the Shuswaps, as its average depth for twenty miles is upward of 1,100 feet, and at one point a depth of 1,900 was recorded. In the northwest corner of this lake, at a depth of 1.118 feet, the purpose of the scien-tific explorers was defeated by the presence of mysterious submarine currents which played with the sounding line like some giant fish and prevented any measurements being taken. It is a con mystery how the currents could have been created at this depth, and scientific curi-osity will no doubt impel either public or private enterprise to send a second expedition to the scene this summer to endeavor to solve the riddle. As the height of the surface of this lake is 1,380 feet above the sea level its present bed is therefore only 190 feet above the sea, although tant 200 miles from the nearest part of the ocean. Dr. Dawson and his associates beleve that the beds of some of the mo tain lakes in the region are many feet

lower than the sea level. The Misleading Labels.

London Daily Telegraph. Social reformers who agitate in our public parks exercise an excusable preference for luxury in allowing themselves to be conveyed in vans during the hot weather. But they should examine carefully their vehicles before starting, lest the boon prove out a device of the enemy to bring them into ridicule. A contingent traveling in the direction of Battersea Park on Sunday, there to put the finishing strekes upon an mperfect civilization, has not yet recovere from the chagrin which its oversight in-volved. Ten well-nourished Socialists had rocured a conveyance, and the jeers which their progress evoked were attributed to the unpopularity of their views. Arrived at their allotted place the illusion was dis-pelled upon a friend on foot drawing attention to a huge inscription on the side of the van in these words: "These pigs belong to — of Chelsea." The cart had last been used in connection with an agricultura show. The demonstrators at once realized what must have been the disgust of a young ady in black who, on descending from the top of a bus on which she had been riding discovered that she had been pro alone, discovered that she had belaimed to the world as "A Gay Widow.